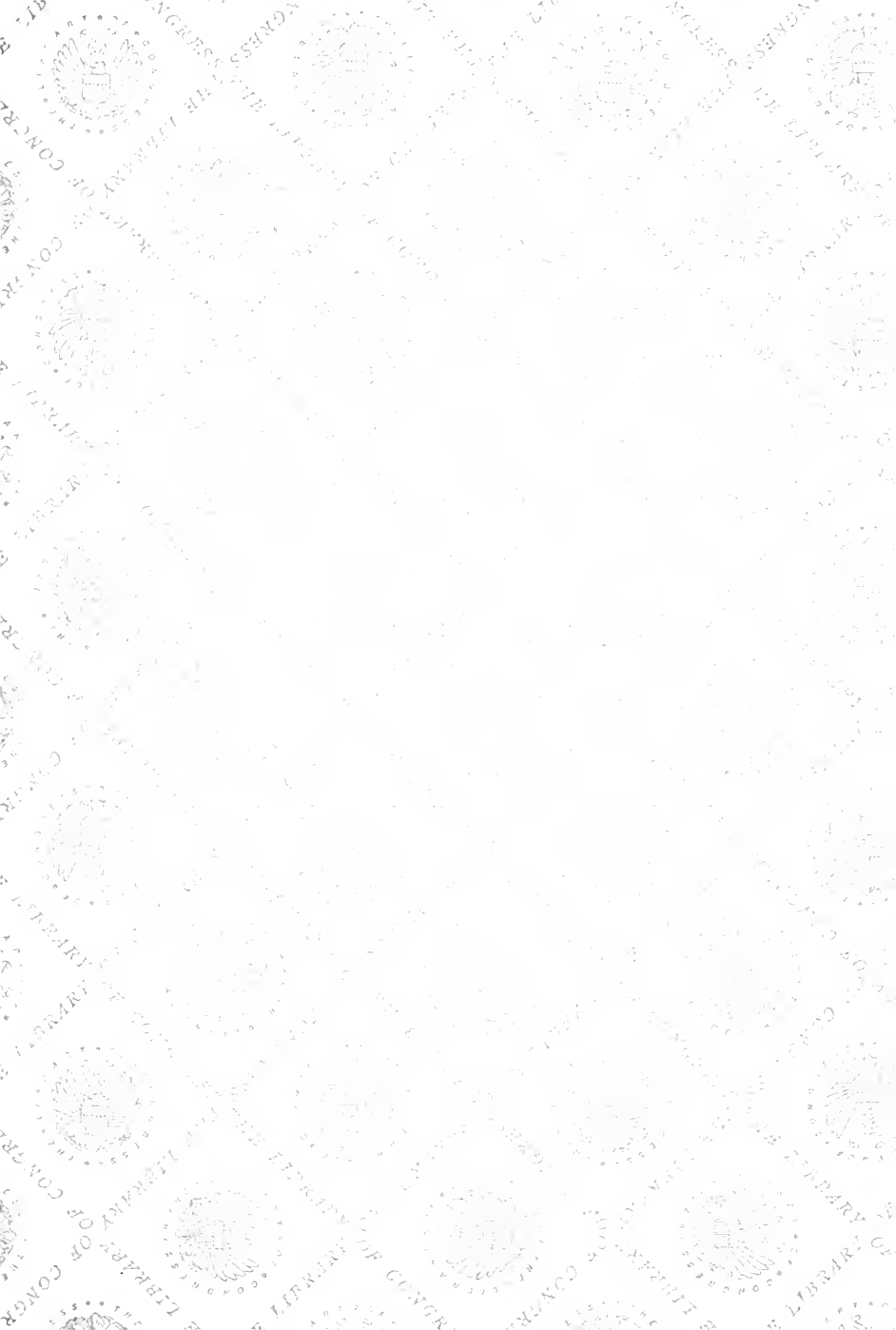


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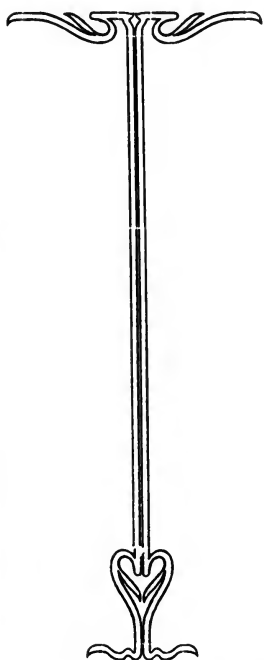






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THE VISION  
of the  
TRANS-  
MISSISSIPPI  
and Other ~~Stories~~ Verses



HERBERT  
JACKSON  
ADAMS





THE VISION  
of the  
TRANS=MISSISSIPPI  
AND OTHER VERSES



BY  
HERBERT JACKSON ADAMS



THE SHAKESPEARE PRESS,  
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1912.

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1912

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HERBERT J. ADAMS

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*My father, Andrew J.,—"Jack," with his family and friends—was a cabinet maker. After his early death, in 1868, I used to see in the garret some account books which had been by him solely devoted to copying favorite poems, being done in a very neat hand.*

*My mother, lately deceased, was Marion Bellows before marriage. She was always fond of the best literature obtainable, from the Bible to works of mere men and women.*

*For the above and obvious reasons I am bringing their names into this little book,*  
**IN MEMORIAM.**

H. J. A.



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## BE THANKFUL ANYWAY

---

Join in the dance,  
Meet Fortune's glance,  
No more your grief betray;  
    But hail the dame  
    With fair acclaim,—  
    Be thankful anyway!

Past grief is dead,  
Lift up your head,  
Despair then cannot stay;  
    The future, now  
    May show you how,—  
    Be thankful anyway!

If dismal wraith  
Assail your faith,  
Be valiant for the fray;  
    Meet glad sunshine  
    With hope divine—  
    Be thankful anyway!

Where'er you are  
Mayhap a star  
Still promises you new day;  
For smiles make room,  
Thus foiling gloom—  
Be thankful anyway!



AT THE EDGE OF BABYLAND

---

Why must you, Willie, from dear father pull away,  
Consoling him with just your sweet, arch smile?  
'Tis true you've come to be a three-year man to-day;  
But can't you be my baby yet a little while?

Bigger every day grows he;  
He'll not long a baby be.

Because your schoolboy brother, more than twice as old  
Just *loves* this little boy "a great, big pile,"  
Must you act his manners with a swagger bold,  
And think you can't be baby yet a little while?

Bigger every day grows he;  
He'll not long a baby be.

Your kindergarten sister calls me "popsy" now and then;  
So you will have it "popty," just her style;  
And I can see the time grows ever shorter when  
You still can be my baby yet a little while.

Bigger every day grows he;  
He'll not long a baby be.

The wee ones lately come to help the family grow,—  
From where?—It must be farther than one mile,—  
Are still too small to notice me, you know;  
So *you* should be my baby yet a little while.

Bigger every day grows he;  
He'll not long a baby be.

Now see! You've had a tumble, romping "just like mad,"  
So brimming full of mischief, though so free from  
guile:—

For comfort to papa now comes the weeping lad,  
And wants to be his baby just a little while.

Bigger every day grows he;  
He'll not long a baby be.

## THE VISION OF THE TRANS-MISSISSIPPI.\*

(Trans-Mississippi Exposition,—1898)

---

INQUIRYI.

---

Was hope of colonist but vain,  
The hope—when ended royal reign—  
To then make fast-uniting bond  
The pledge of brotherhood as fond  
As met the test on Calvary:—  
The hope to end men's slavery?

---

\* (A part of "The Scene," "The Welcome" and "Dedication" were written in 1893. In 1899-10 the form of the stanzas of "The Welcome" was changed, and the "Inquiry" and "Justification" entire were inserted.)

NOTE—In stanzas V and VI of "Inquiry" there are references to certain conditions, with possible remedies, that were outlined by the author in 1896 and 1906, in Mss. in his possession.

## II.

What is this West new-destined for?  
Long must we still vain aims deplore,  
For that no movement well defined  
Has come to form in western mind,  
Whereby it may, soon, once for all,  
Forever stay the sordid pall,  
Already dark'ning like a cloud,  
To e'en *our* country dim enshroud?  
Will't give to martyr's cry new ear,  
Reap *full* of Independence, dear,  
To save our hope, posterity,  
From preying hands' dexterity?  
Must wonders done for wealth and place,  
Make it forget what's due its race?  
When will a better time appear  
Than this, to make the future clear?

## III.

If wisdom would advance apace,  
It must vain past, as dead, efface  
With fresh intelligence each morn,  
E'er free from rule that's too well worn:—  
Such upright wisdom, and unbent,  
As scorns the staff, expedient.

## IV.

Shall such a wisdom pass abroad,  
And keenly now unmask each fraud?  
Shall it, before time waxes late,  
Swift rectify the social state?  
Must some be still so surfeit rich  
That children irk them like an itch;  
Or any say they can't afford,  
When, speaking truth, they're simply bored;  
Sink marriage to a selfish waste—  
(Since only offspring prove it chaste);  
So, ego large, on every hand,  
Refined, lets "cattle" stock the land?  
Shall social feeling rise in grace  
To shield those burdened with the race?  
Shall Benedicts, "the horrid things!"  
Make women good, shed spurious wings!  
Those who, with falsely-guarded charms,  
Drive candid men to easy arms,  
Who, through ambition, pride or fear,  
Suppress true feeling, else so dear;  
Or finding virtue in scarce felt restraints,  
Claim all the credit of anointed saints.  
Shall old maids swear themselves to lust?  
Shall swear they will, and swear they must

Pass their good blood to ages high,  
Nor, wed or no, on some poor cry?  
Nor yet look o'er the husband's head  
To some one else for half-slave bread;  
Nor vex the tie till love falls dim,  
By vaunted wisdom, oft but whim;  
Fain be the loving, loyal mate,  
And not a mentor, not a fate;  
So each shall boast but parity  
In Virtue, Hope and Charity?

## V.

As offspring, multiplying, spread,  
Shall sovereign hand be on each head  
To bless, and say with confidence,  
The earth's his part-inheritance,  
Allowing none to question, *mal*,  
That no undue congestion shall  
Bind opportunities, deemed free  
For worth and need, as best may be?  
Point avarice out a baneful thing,—  
By graded tax remove its sting,  
Though bold, with individual it rides  
Or slyly in a corporation hides?  
So that its men may all be men,  
Like eagle, each, with lofty ken;

None money-buzzards, sparrow pecked;—  
The State well-noting how 'tis recked,  
That precedents oft keep their hold,  
For no good use but that they're old;—  
Lest it too drink false nations' cup,  
Whet men to eat each other up?

## VI.

The sportsman, true, ne'er plays his game  
With odds to help—not e'en his name;  
But personal skill and his fair chance,  
And luck, his fortune do advance.  
Nor is his effort gauged by size  
Of goal. There's ever higher prize.  
Nor sportsmanlike is game of life,  
Where, selfish, thrown into the strife  
Are prizes previously won,  
By luck, or trade, or toil well done,  
'Gainst him, alone, who stakes his chance  
On brawn, or brain, and confidence:—  
Though use of wealth may be condoned,  
If to the *game's* advantage loaned,  
Well short of usury in rate,  
That surplus winnings may relate  
To all who play, in severalty,  
As they show worth, ability.

## THE SCENE

## I.

The potent west-wind fanned my cheek,  
And, cooling, pressed my brow;  
Again, again inbreathing it,  
I felt within me grow  
Such spirit as in earlier day  
Stirred valiant heart, and bold,  
Led dauntless Pike and Fremont  
Western myst'ries to unfold.

## II.

Adieu I willing bade  
Atlantic's commerce teeming strand,  
And went a plodding course  
Towards the El Dorado wonderland.  
Nor rugged mountain checked me,  
Nor stream, nor sea-wide plain,  
Till far Mississippi's verdant bank  
My weary feet could gain.  
Invited still by prairie breeze,  
Still westward on to press,



I long breathed in its fragrance,  
And would court its winsomeness.  
Yet, straining o'er the landscape vast,  
Beyond the glinting tide,  
My lids, moist-edged, grew wont to fall,  
My tired orbs to hide:  
And yielding to the gloaming's peace,  
On mellow turf I lay,  
And slept on thought of wondrous scenes  
To mark the break of day.

## III.

The prospect that my waking eyes  
Had striven, vain, to see,  
In vision, or as dreamland, now,  
Deep slumber brought to me:—  
A seeming boundless empire there,  
Stretched leagues on leagues away:—  
Scarce fairer land ne'er He caressed  
With sunrise's cheering ray.  
It northward far and farther spread,  
To where fell blizzards roam,  
Where sunbeams only parry, weak,  
The winter's tempest foam.  
A thousand miles of pasture

West-flanked the lower stream,  
To where its gulf-bathed border  
Sparkled in my dream.  
Nor was the vision limited  
To fertile prairie plains,  
But soared to yonder Rockies,  
Where frowning mountain chains,  
Guard nature's precious caches,  
That elude, oft seem unreal,  
But found, are fettered in the meshes  
Of men's giant webs of steel.  
Beyond Pacific's desert slope  
My image paused in state,  
Enthroned in evening's ambient glow,  
Where shines the Golden Gate.

## IV.

My dream had elements sublime,  
Nigh startling me from sleep,  
But Morphia bade have patience,  
Yet within the spell to keep,  
Till detail of the venture  
Might be passed before my view,  
In high-wrought panorama,  
As if Master artist drew :—

## V.

In whisper of the corn leaves,  
In ten thousand emerald fields;  
The purl of rushing currents,  
That broad Platte's bed, constant, yields;  
With echoed hoof-beats of the buffalo,  
In herds unnumbered slain;  
And rumbling distant thunder  
That bespeaks the welcome rain:—  
A murmuring of strange music  
Takes my fancy's waiting ear.  
And as the notes grow louder,  
More distinct, inspiring, near,—  
Such tones in martial anthem  
As might quicken from repose  
The host of fallen heroes  
That time's records, bright, disclose,—  
The fresh'ning wind with joy took up  
The promise-weighted sound,  
And fervent invitation bore  
To all the world around.

## VI.

Ere time had let me ponder  
On the full bent of the strains,  
I saw a goddess presence  
Move from out the billowy plains.  
In stately measure led she  
A resplendent, gallant train,—  
Nor was it idle, vain procession  
Did Nebraska entertain:—  
For each, with fruit of industry,  
Unsullied, graced her lead—  
Their burdens fitting, ample,  
Proved they thrifty fortune heed.

## VII.

Hard by the yellow water  
That clear-marks the father tide,  
Where stands her great-grown city,—  
Magic yield of civic pride,—  
Nebraska laid her treasures,  
Golden ears and honey sweet,  
And rare, her color album,  
For the soul of artist meet.  
Aloft in fair right hand

She, smiling, held the jewelled wreath,  
To crown the sovereign pilgrim  
Who best offering showed beneath;  
And waved o'er all her silver bugle,  
Bright in noonday sun,  
Then gave the marchers greeting,  
And full-welcomed every one.

## VIII.

Up briskly wound the caravan;—  
Its each division marked a clan,  
Whose chosen leader to command,  
Was fair composite of his band.  
They deigned the goddess due salute,  
Then waited, brief, all calm and mute,  
Till words of greeting had been said—  
While each their champion bared his head,  
And to her gaze raised hopeful eyes,  
Which failed not e'en to meet the skies.  
While man-made instruments discharge  
Sweet airs to nature's chords enlarge:—  
So gave each way for eager train,  
Till all had gathered off the plain.

## THE WELCOME

## I.

“From southern portal  
To the North and East and West,  
First welcomed here, Louisiana comes,  
And with her brings that ardent, tropic smile,  
Pure-born, long since,  
Of New Acadia-chastened breast.  
Nor shall we soon forget  
The hard-won battle ground,  
Where Jackson made his own and raised thy fame,  
And proved to nations how on New World soil  
No field of conquest  
For the tyrant may be found.

## II.

“Beginning so, this child  
Of bouyant western mind  
Continued: Trans-Mississippi's pioneer,—  
'Thou iron-visaged old Missouri! clear

We see thee come from out  
Thy years of toil refined.  
If for a commonwealth complete  
We are in quest,  
We need but look on thy fair countryside,  
And on thy two great cities guarding thee,  
So forming stately border gates,—  
Then may we rest.

## III.

“Thou quiet Arkansas,  
Be merry once with us!  
All know thy boast is not of grain nor gold,  
But, for thy genial clime, by many sought,  
Thy generous welcome here  
None can nor will discuss.  
Thy native healing waters  
Need not fear the truth;  
And as thy health-restoring springs do purge,  
Like magic wake again the languid blood,  
So let our festival  
Awake, renew thy youth.

## IV.

“Ah, mighty giant,  
What bright badge hast thou?  
‘Sam Houston’ said, what more hast need to say,  
Or need of any common emblem stuff,  
Or laurel, even, still  
To grace thy lustered brow?  
Redoubt, blood-mortared,  
In the south was dearly laid,—  
Though fancy-fashioned like an emerald star,—  
To ever warn away presuming foe.  
Since Alamo has Valor sworn  
By Texas’ blade.

## V.

“Draws on Iowa now,  
With steady, bouyant tread:  
His progress keeps scarce deviating line,  
And has, since when shrewd Blackhawk’s subtle pow  
Bent to his civil wisdom,  
That leads, is never led.  
Though long has been thy land



To warfare's strife unused,  
Yet ready art thou armored in thy peace:—  
The might that's in the wielding of the pen,  
Is by thy school-house fortified  
Hilltops large infused.

## VI.

“The sea's refrain, soft-hummed  
By lap of wave on wave,  
With odors rare from bord'ring garden comes:  
For here now strays the maid of fruit and flow'rs,  
The California, golden-tressed,  
So fair, yet brave!  
Who's not amidst thy native bow'rs,  
Thy beauty longed to see,  
Nor would walk thy shores, and wander in thy dells,  
Has never heard of thy all-summer skies,  
Thy forests, deep,  
Thy wondrous vale, Yosemite.

## VII.

“Where bubble forth  
The Mississippi's natal springs,  
And ether rare, holds pure his liquid course,

New-chastened by the falls of Anthony,—

From thence keen-visioned

Minnesota off'ring brings.

Throbs there with potent life

Her state's twin-city heart;

Its beating quivers down e'en to the gulf;

Wide o'er the Lakes and Lawrence's isle-tossed flood

The ocean feels the touch

Of her great inland mart.

#### VIII.

“Again, in far northwest,

Columbia lends her name

To grace a surging river, wide and deep,

(There Irving-writ Astoria hides, eclipsed.)

Wherefrom our Nimrod, Oregon,

Takes finny game.

His catch has made

Poor sportsmen of us all.

Our thanks for dainty, salmon-hued; yet greet

We too the patron of that bold-tried ship,

The ship so swift to round

The ‘Horn’ at warfare's call.

## IX.

“How dark then seemed the fate  
Of freedom, as he bled!

How black the pois’nous hate toward Kansas, here,  
Ere he, harsh-scarred, eked out a victory,

So midst that freedom

Might his sons be born and bred!

With all the world he stands

Abreast in civil state;

With vigilance he guards the sober will:—

Art welcome, thou, and these, thy loyal train

Who now, close-pressing

With thy banners on thee wait.

## X.

“Thou dust-flecked traveller

From out the arid slope,

O’er steel-girt way thy boundaries inclose,

A million souls have glided toward a flow’ry clime,

And gazed upon thy plains

With undeflected hope.

With hard-transported ores

And chemicals thou art  
Now come to claim Nevada's welcome here.  
If dignity pervades thee as thy sand,  
Thy valor's not for sport,  
Nor mark for humor's dart.

## XI.

"To fitting mark  
Our Union's first centennial day,  
We took unto us one who springs to lead,  
E'en bonding his rich mines to back his will,—  
When was his early wisdom  
Mocked by silver spray—  
All o'er. Now bringst thou  
Pictures of the Great Divide,  
Rare spec'mens from thy mines, thy parks and streams  
We greet thee, Colorado, bright and bold,  
And freely in us all  
We pray thou mayst confide.

## XII.

"Montana's mighty frame  
And swinging stride, behold!  
His presence and his dress prove Fortune's care;

Yet grieves he, how rich gifts on one bestowed  
Must dim what had been his,  
By look of honors sold.  
We pray the care, confined,  
May ne'er from thee withdraw,  
Until,—forbid! it cannot also be,  
That thou, in surfeit of her fostering,  
Forget our Custer's sacrifice  
To valor's law.

## XIII.

“Thou who, exalted bear'st  
Thy country's father's name,—  
Of those who late fulfill his glorious hope,—  
May thou in ages yet to tax thy course,  
In all thy works  
Reflect with truth his fame.  
May land and sea and sound  
Thy fruitful handmaids be,  
Conditions lending for thy fair intent;  
And let thy Rainnier grain by grain dissolve;  
Ere Washington's great deeds  
Shall cease inspiring thee.

## XIV.

“Approach full near,  
Thou youth of sterling, sturdy worth,  
Thy hand in friendship’s clasp let all here feel:  
Thy fame will spread as seed will multiply,  
Till all the world  
Asks tidings of Dakota, North.  
For o’er the round earth’s vast  
And, once dividing, main,  
In business thrift, though oft on waters cast,  
From off thy wind-waved, shim’ring, golden fields,  
Full fleets of mammoth ships  
Bear forth thy ample grain.

## XV.

“Before us stands that stalwart son  
With whom—behold!  
A fate that strong in separation lies:—  
Yet dual entry, good, does he propose:  
The rancher’s toilsome yield,  
The miner’s hard-won gold.  
We welcome South Dakota,  
Neighbor mine so near!

His threatened blight from strangers' nuptial griefs  
Soon turn to bloom; though young, may he grow wise,  
    Until at parting time,  
    May he be deemed a seer.

## XVI.

“ ‘*Wyoming?*’—Hark! Thy name  
    So wrapped in cadence soft,  
For thee bespeaking such pastoral charm,  
Invites us free to lounge in meadows green,  
    And gaze in rapture  
    Where thy pine tops wave aloft;  
    To watch the cow-boy tend  
    The herds that pasture there,  
And list to plaintive bleating of the lamb;  
To whip for trout thy writhing mountain streams,  
    And chase, with hound and mustang keen,  
    The deer and hare.

## XVII.

“Lies else but sordid guilt  
    Twixt Bitter Root and Snake?  
Tis lately said that serpent soon may crawl

Unchecked nigh over thee, fond, hoping Idaho.

'Twere but impulsive blasphemy

To say, mistake

To foil, 'our land has been baptized.'

Thy fruit and corn

Owe not some water rite. Tis water *rights*

Thy bad-lands save. Yet hallowed virtues joined

Must make thy bright'ning star

Our flag adorn.

### XVIII.

"Does Utah now advance,

With ordered, modest gait:—

We gauge his deeds but since he won the star,

When sought he, wise, to share our destiny,—

(Though learned was in legal

Lore of Church and State,

Domestic (multiplied) relations,

High combined)—

May we where Salt Lake's templed city stands,

A people find imbued with wholesome thought,

So truth may raise toward Heav'n

The candid, fearless mind."



## JUSTIFICATION

---

I.

The sceptic who, with candor, cries:—  
“In dreams no order ever lies,”  
May not, direct, be answered now,  
Though briefly will I venture how,  
To this point in my coma deep,  
The dream did not all chaos keep.

## II.

For many years my hair had shown  
The signs of age. Age marks his own.  
In generations I had passed,  
Things valued I had safe amassed,  
That needed no strong locks to guard:—  
Nor had I any such reward,  
If earned, or no. Howe'er I throve,  
'Twas not by dint of treasure trove.  
Full much I'd labored, futilely:—  
(Why, “Fortune” met it brutally):—  
Whose life's not pledged to dollars gain,  
Must scarce his purse e'en cents contain?

## III.

Keen senses physical I had ;  
These played me true since but a lad ;  
Keen sensibilities employed,  
Since with my playthings I had toyed.  
And passions—(They are not for here:—  
Would I could bury them, O dear!)  
Yet why?—for passions may exalt  
In good ; or make in good default:—  
Involuntary native force!—  
Self-guaged for better or for worse.

## IV.

In precinct politics no place  
Had I. For that I lacked the face,  
Though willing. So, shut kindly out,  
I had not that to fret about.  
Yet much I had to do, in thought,  
On what large public movements sought  
To better man in mind, estate,—  
Great men and measures and their fate:—

I followed these well nigh alone,  
Because no ward work had I done.  
Yet knew I well statecraft exacts  
Wise practice in the little acts.

## V.

A schoolmate, mine, Geography,  
Dressed in his mixed topography;  
His watchful rival, History,  
Whom I e'er held a mystery,  
For ponderous learning that he knew;  
These studies both my fancy drew.  
And 'twas my pastime to apply,—  
As swiftly, sure, the years went by,—  
What, out of these, my search had gained,  
To tell me what might be attained  
By that unsettled far west land  
Of phases noble, good and grand.

## VI.

De Soto trailed its eastern shore,  
Then let his river close him o'er;  
And Drake, brave-pledged to empire's hope,

Claimed for his queen its western slope;  
The "bubbler" glimpsed it—young John Law;  
Some of it Astor's agents saw;  
Devout and hardy priests of France  
Did early cast on it fond glance;  
Mount Vernon's hero, ere he slept,  
His hope and forethought on it kept;  
And Lewis sought Missouri's source,  
And by that stream Clarke left his corse;  
Dubuque, and others long to name,—  
Some winners, large, in life's wide game,—  
(Some but for gold cared not a rap.)  
But all helped make my little map.

## VII.

Some colored patches in a square:—  
Not far to make it well compare,  
If concentrated in the mind,  
With any county one might find  
Whose boundaries are regular,  
Where townships drawn in order are,  
As, Minnesota, Iowa,  
Missouri, then, *et cetera*:—  
In row on row, with art engrossed,  
E'en from "the river" to "the coast."

And this, the map, by true intent,  
Showed land enough for continent;  
Though it might be mere "section," e'en,  
For all its measure could be seen,  
If catalogued exhibit rare  
In some far planetary fair.

## VIII.

Enlarging township into state,  
Recalls me now to close debate:—  
As each new state's admission came,  
I stored my mind with date and name.  
And striking circumstances all,  
Of territorial curtain-fall.

## IX.

Well-ordered waking minds, 'twould seem,  
May oft suggest the ordered dream;  
And when one has the names and dates,  
And clear-drawn map of bounded states.  
'Tis not so large an enterprise  
As some good critic might devise.  
And if what's said is not enough  
To lend some grace to language rough,  
There is this added circumstance;

To wit: that where in this high trance,  
At last my ent'ring dates gave out,  
At once there came to fancy, doubt  
As to procedure. This gave rise,  
In my sub-mental exercise,  
To panic, when I near awoke.

## X.

Now noting, brief, by languid eyes,  
The night still deep there in the skies;  
The river's eerie lick and boom  
So plainly saying: "Far from home!"—  
Doubt not it palled my visioned brain  
That I had suffered some by strain;  
The star-shot blackness in the west,  
Though fleeting glimpsed, gave much unrest.  
Mischances, such, nigh stirred resolve  
That I no more these parts involve.  
If worse led worst I might at least,  
At break of day hie me back east;  
For in the west could hardly be  
A place for dreaming man like me.  
On this I turned to doze awhile,  
And found the dream unchanged in style.

THE WELCOME—(*Continued.*)

## XIX.

“That home, mysterious,  
Of ancient, conquering tribes  
Who, bloody, gained the land that shares thy name,—  
Tis ‘Old,’ with ‘Mexico,’ not ‘New,’ should act  
To spell its fame, so well  
Made out by learned scribes.  
Wilt tell how thy old legends  
Engage the modern way?  
Do happily now blend with patriots’ songs  
Of Independence won, how Lincoln saved,  
The cries that faint ring down  
From Montezuma’s day?

## XX.

“Thou herald from the ‘Neutral strip,’  
E’en as young and fast,  
What news, swift Oklahoma, dost thou bring?  
Are satisfied those who, in that short day,

In myriad multitudes  
Once swept thy borders past  
To stake them homes? For thee  
What has experience found,  
If not that Heav'n-gauged industry rewards;  
That thy sure faith must foil a teasing fame,  
As if thy land but lends  
The cyclone practice ground?

## XXI.

“Now, hopeful, glides,  
With new-learned, willing, rhythmic pace,  
The red man, Loo, erstwhile the white man's ward.  
United fragments, once of fierce, far-roaming tribes,  
In councils civilized  
At last have found their place.  
Soon come the lasting time,  
When all thy people, brave,  
Shall clear their view by larger knowledge gained;  
No more make fruitful land mere hunting ground,  
No longer aliens stay  
Where they their race may save.



## XXII.

“Where high and wide-extending plains  
Meet searing sun,

And low, in rough-hewn, mile-deep canon swirls  
The Colorado, Arizona dwells.

Though trooping last,  
May not the prize by him be won?  
Hard-fretted has he borne

The scourge of savage foe,

That ever backward did his progress keep:—

So, hold him not to promise of great deeds,

Till vanquished he

The hate-imbued Geronimo.”

## DEDICATION.

---

  
I.

Nebraska now stood waiting, mute,  
In pensive, wistful pose,  
Till when the pure, inspiring tones  
To lighter bars arose.  
Her mien commending confidence  
'Mongst all who stood about,  
She gathered her soft draperies  
And led the concourse out  
Where still above the yellow stream,  
On bold, broad eminence stood  
A courtly amphitheatre  
Whose bounds spread rood on rood.

## II.

When peal from out her burnished bugle  
Stilled again the scene,  
Her gracious dedicating words  
Came forth in voice serene:—

“Ye score and more of commonwealths,  
Of the Trans-Mississippi land,  
The thrones now take, provided here,  
For each high-honored band.  
But ere thy many million hearts  
Through thee engage our feast,  
New greetings send ye yonder  
To thy old homes in the East.  
Take council of their wisdom,  
Scorn not wardship of their love,  
So this day in our history,  
Calls blessings from above.”

FOR BLEAK WINTER—MAY.

---

Spring to us straying  
In midwinter's dream,  
Spring instant staying  
In winter's sunbeam.  
Memory's spring!

Spring in the fleeting of lengthening day,  
Spring sends us greeting from far on her way.  
Wakening spring!

Spring in the power of snow-melting sun,  
Spring for an hour when the south winds run.  
Magical spring!

Spring from the borders of tropical lands,  
Spring's advance orders on gulf-gleaming sands.  
Quickening spring!

Spring will not grieve us,  
True part she will play,  
Spring will soon give us  
For bleak winter, May.  
Wonderful spring!

Spring in brook water that leaps in its bed,  
Spring in the patter of raindrops o'erhead.  
Freshening spring!

Spring in Resurrection that follows the pall,  
Spring's soul refection when Easter bells call.  
Passionate spring!

Spring's renewed meadows all glist'ning with dew,  
Spring in fleet shadows when clouds cross the blue.  
Radiant spring!

Spring in the flowing of bird-medleys clear,  
Spring when kine lowing falls anew on the ear.  
Orchestral spring!

Spring in her bowers, laced branches her screen,  
Spring 'midst her flowers and nature's rare green.  
Redolent spring!

Spring has not riven us,—  
Live fully the day!  
Spring's at last given us  
For bleak winter—*May*.  
Wonderful spring!

DISCOVERY.

---

If my soul could displace 'neath her bosom  
Her own, next her heart's very beat,  
I perhaps could learn all the secret,  
How her nature is so passing sweet.

In my soul's new abode in her bosom  
I should wish to forever abide,  
And should long for her to return there,  
And the doors I would keep open wide.

If her soul in my breast had found shelter,  
It would read there full many a sign,  
Of how fully her exquisite being  
Had impressed itself true upon mine.

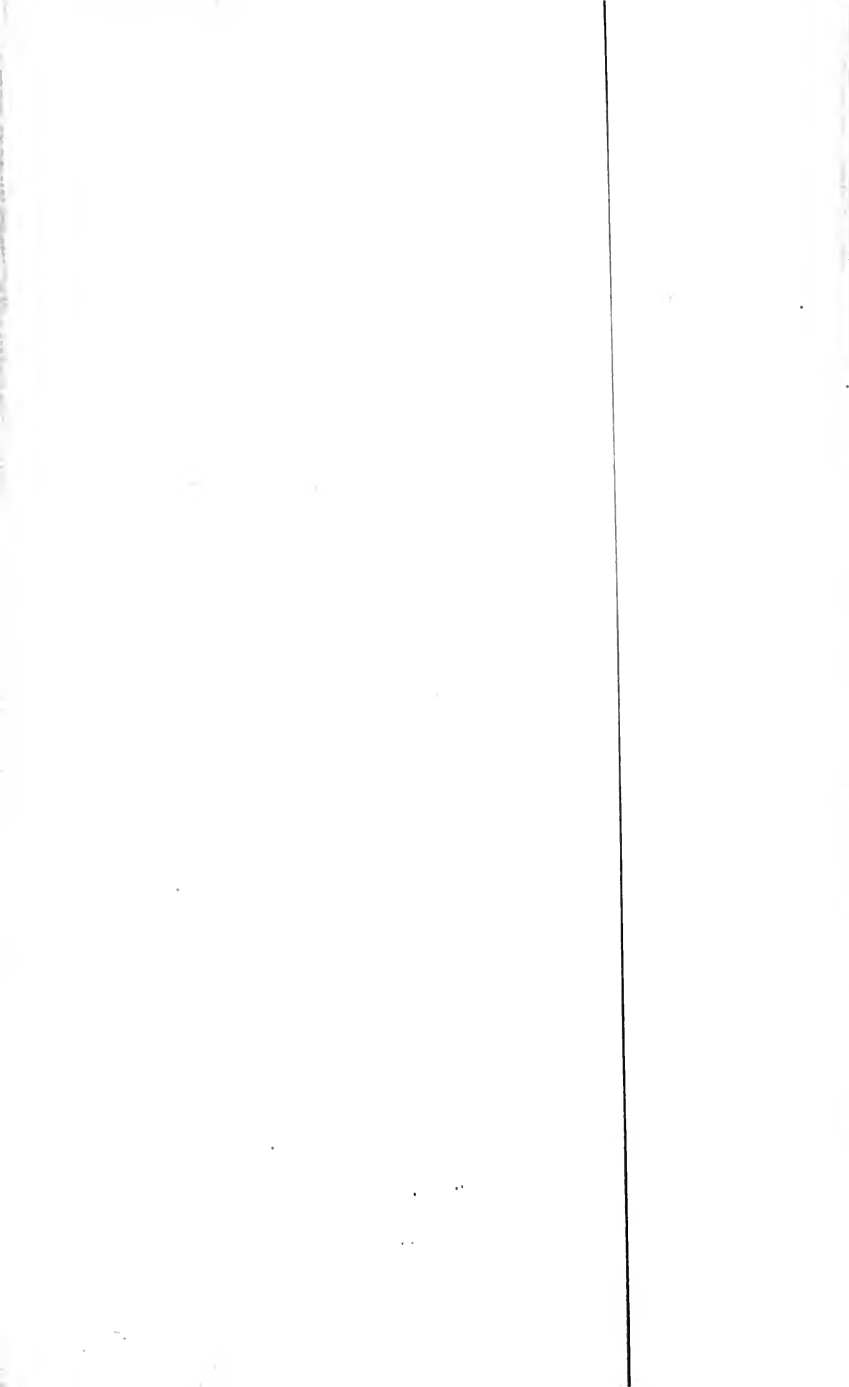
And to me she might send, in her bosom,  
A message swift borne by a dove,  
To tell me how lonely she found it,  
Though she found there such wonderful love.

And anon while repose stilled those dwellings,  
Our souls to each other would fly,  
And a compact we'd make that our beings  
Should no longer each other deny.

And together we'd dwell in the future,  
Be co-tenants both in each place,  
Be united in one long, sweet living,  
Under Heavenly sanction and grace.

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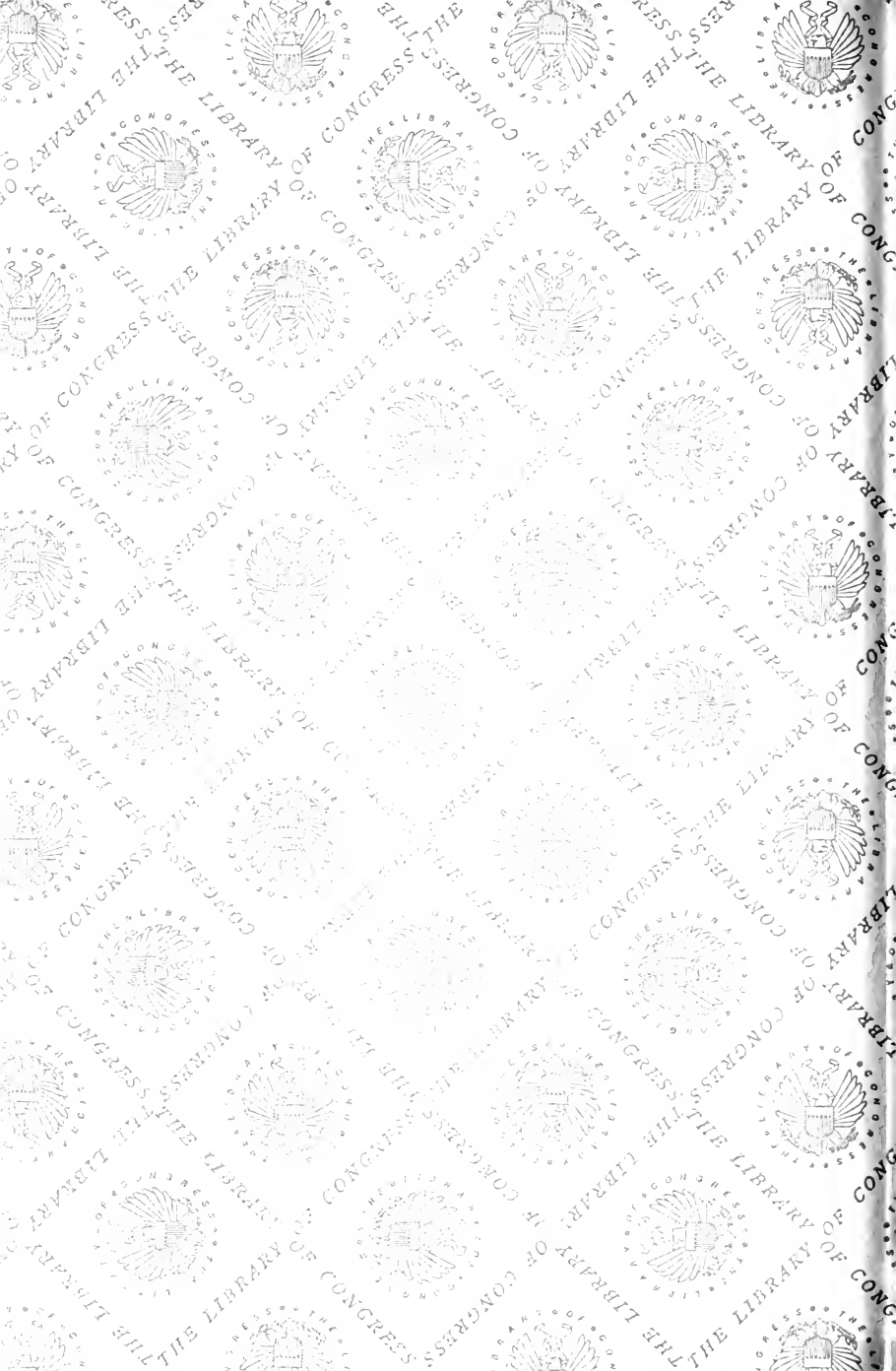


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